

# WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication

MARCH NO. 76



TOM MIX



MONTE HALE



SASSY DAVIS



HOPALONG CASSIDY



10¢

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A Fawcett Publication

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in **BUCKING WHEELS**  
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**MONTE HALE**  
and his **PEACE BOND**

also: **YOUNG FALCON AND A HOST OF YOUR  
FAVORITE WESTERN SHORT FEATURES!**



March, 1948. Vol. 13, No. 76

WESTERN HERO SUBSCRIPTION RATE 12 ISSUES FOR \$1.20 IN U. S. POSSESSIONS, AND CANADA

WESTERN HERO is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President; Roger Fawcett, Vice-President; Allan E. Norman, Secretary; Gordon Fawcett, Treasurer; Elliott D. Odell, Advertising Director; Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director; Ralph Dagh, Editorial Director; Al Alford, Art Director. Second-class entry applied for at the post office at Greenwich, Conn., with additional entry applied for at Louisville, Ky. Copyright 1948 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the publisher. Title registration applied for at U. S. Patent Office. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U. S. Possessions, and in Canada, foreign subscriptions 12 issues for \$1.70. Single issues 10c. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by international money order in United States funds, payable at Greenwich, Conn. All reprints and correspondence concerning subscriptions as well as notification of change of address should be addressed to Circulation Department, Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Editorial and Advertising Offices: 67 W. 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.; 360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 11; Mr. H. P. Houston, Edward S. Townsend Co., 645 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 14; Mr. Edward S. Townsend, Edward S. Townsend Co., Ross Building, San Francisco 4. General Offices: Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Printed in U. S. A.

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# HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING  
WILLIAM BOYD

## THE COUNTERFEITING RING

GENERAL

LUKE WYMAN PRODUCTION

LOOK, HOPALONG!  
LUKE'S GONE PLUMS LOCO!  
HE'S THROWING ALL HIS  
MONEY AWAY!

I'M TOSSING  
THIS MONEY  
AWAY BECAUSE  
IT AIN'T ANY GOOD!  
COUNTERFEITERS  
STUCK ME WITH  
A WAD OF  
WORTHLESS  
PAPER AGIN!

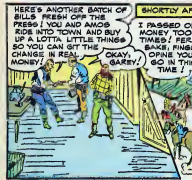
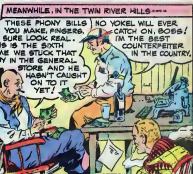
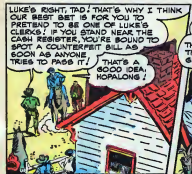
YOU'VE  
BEEN STUCK  
MORE THAN ANY-  
ONE ELSE, LUKE, BUT  
THE COUNTERFEITERS'  
DAYS ARE NUMBER-  
ED! THE TREASURY  
DEPARTMENT IN  
WASHINGTON IS  
SENDING DOWN  
AN EXPERT TO  
HELP US TRACK  
THEM DOWN!

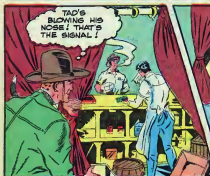
I JUST CAME FROM  
THE JAILHOUSE, SHERIFF!  
THEY TOLD ME I'D FIND  
YOU HERE! MY NAME'S  
TAD NEWTON! I'M  
FROM THE TREASURY  
DEPARTMENT!

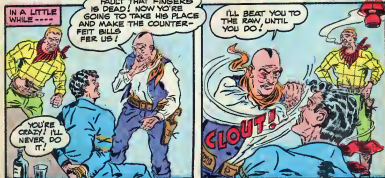
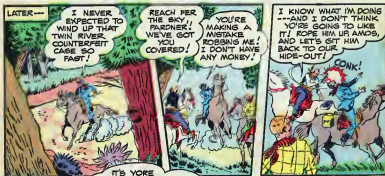
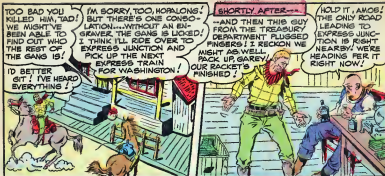
YOU COULDN'T  
HAVE ARRIVED  
AT A MORE  
OPPORTUNE  
MOMENT! THE  
COUNTERFEITERS  
JUST STRUCK  
AGAIN!

HERE --- TAKE A LOOK AT THEIR LATEST  
HANDIWORK THEY GAVE LUKE HERE!

SHUCKS 'N'  
TARNATION! I  
NEVER KNEW  
IT WUZ  
COUNTERFEIT  
TILL I TRIED  
TO DEPOSIT  
IT IN THE  
BANK!







FOR THE NEXT TWO HOURS, THE TWO OUT-LAWS SUBJECT TAD TO A MERCILESS BEATING!



I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE! I'LL DO WHAT YOU SAY!

I KNEW WE COULD PERSUADE YOU TO CHANGE YORE MIND!



DAYS LATER--

YOU LOOK MIGHTY EXCITED, LUKE! WHAT'S THE MATTER?



DANG BLAST IT, HOPALONGS! I THOUGHT YOU SAID THAT WHEN FINGERS WUZ KILLED WE WOULDN'T BE BOTHERED BY COUNTERFEITERS ANY MORE! WAL, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS BILL! THE BANK JUST REFUSED TO ACCEPT IT!

IT'S COUNTERFEIT, ALL RIGHT! MAYBE I'D BETTER TELEGRAPH TAD NEWTON IN WASHINGTON TO COME BACK!



SHORTLY AFTER---

HERE COMES THE ANSWER TO WASHINGTON, SHERIFF! I'LL HAVE IT DECODED FER YOU IN A MINUTE!



THIS IS STRANSE! TAD SHOULD HAVE ARRIVED IN WASHINGTON DAYS AGO! I'M GOING BACK TO THE OFFICE TO HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT THAT PHONY BILL, BUT THIS TIME UNDER A MAGNIFYING GLASS!

WESTERN UNION

SHERIFF HOPALONGS CARRIDDY, TWIN RIVER

CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. WE THOUGHT TAD NEWTON NEVER ARRIVED IN WASHINGTON.

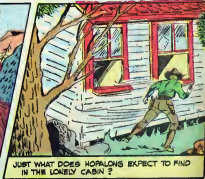
THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT

NOW I THINK I UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON!

YORE WASTING A LOT OF TIME, HOPALONGS! WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO FIND LOOKING THROUGH A MAGNIFYING GLASS? I TOLD YOU THE BANK CLERK SAID THE BILL WUZ A COUNTERFEIT!







THESE COUNTERFEIT BILLS YOU'RE MAKING FOR US ARE EVEN BETTER THAN THE ONES THAT FINGERS USED TO MAKE!

HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP ME A PRISONER HERE AND MAKE ME TURN OUT THOSE BILLS?

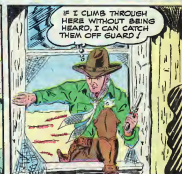
AS LONG AS I FEEL LIKE! NOW SHUT UP AND SIT BACK TO WORK!



IF I CLIMBED IN THE WINDOW I WAS LOOKING THROUGH, THE CRITTERS WOULD BE ABLE TO SHOOT ME BEFORE I EVEN HAD A CHANCE TO DRAW!



IF I CLIMB THROUGH HERE WITHOUT BEING HEARD, I CAN CATCH THEM OFF GUARD!



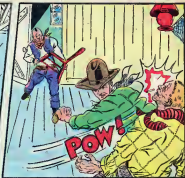
SO FAR SO GOOD!

HOPALONG CASSIDY! HOW NICE OF HIM TO SNEAK IN WITH HIS BACK TO ME!



HOPALONGS--- WATCH OUT!







GET TO YOUR FEET! I WOULDN'T HIT EVEN A SKUNK LIKE YOU WHEN HE'S DOWN!



THANKS FOR SAVING ME THE TROUBLE!



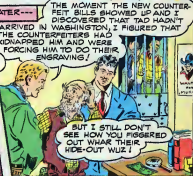
GOOD WORK, HOPALONG! YOU'LL FIND THE KEY FOR THESE LEG CHAINS IN GAREY'S POCKET! IN THE MEANTIME, I'D BETTER TELL YOU EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED!



AND AFTER TAD NEWTON IS FREED OF HIS CHAINS AND EXPLAINS ---

---AND YOUR BEING HERE PROVES THAT YOU FIGURED OUT THE REST!

NOW GIVE ME A HAND AND WE'LL GET THESE TWO VARMINTS TO THE JAILHOUSE!



LATER---

THE MOMENT THE NEW COUNTERFEIT BILLS SHOWED UP AND I DISCOVERED THAT TAD HADN'T ARRIVED IN WASHINGTON, I FIGURED THAT THE COUNTERFEITERS HAD KIDNAPPED HIM AND WERE FORCING HIM TO DO THEIR ENGRAVING!

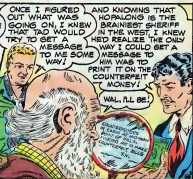
BUT I STILL DON'T SEE HOW YOU FIGURED OUT WHAR THEIR HIDE-OUT WUZ!



TAKE A LOOK AT THE BILL AND YOU'LL SEE!

DANS BLANG IT! I DO LOOK AT THE BILL! I DON'T SEE A THING!

NATURALLY NOT! YOU HAVE TO USE A STRONG MAGNIFYING GLASS THE WAY I DID!



ONCE I FIGURED OUT WHAT WAS GOING ON, I KNEW THAT TAD WOULD TRY TO GET A MESSAGE TO ME SOME WAY!

AND KNOWING THAT HOPALONG IS THE BRAINIEST SHERIFF IN THE WEST, I KNEW HED REALIZE THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET A MESSAGE TO HIM WAS TO PRINT IT ON THE COUNTERFEIT MONEY!

WELL, ALL BE!

COUNTERFEIT BILL  
IN CARE OF HOPALONG  
FORD OF BULL  
FOUR ME TO MAKE  
COUNTERFEIT BILL  
T.V.

# L'L BUCK

EXPLANATION



COMIX CARDS  
appear every  
month in

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MASTER COMICS  
AND  
**NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL**  
EVERY MONTH!

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# MONTE HALE

and his  
PEACE  
BOND

It is herewith decreed that  
under penalty of ten  
thousand dollars, Monte Hale  
will not engage in any  
activity tending to break  
the peace!

By order of:  
Judge Thorne

**M**ONTE HALE, THE ROVING COWBOY, IS SWORN TO UPHOLD JUSTICE! BUT WHEN THE LAW DECREES THAT MONTE HALE CANNOT USE HIS BLAZING SIX-GUN TO DEFEND INNOCENT MEN FROM MURDEROUS ATTACKS, HE IS CONFRONTED BY A DILEMMA THAT NO SWIFT DRAW OR SURE TRIGGER HAND CAN SOLVE FOR HIM!

IT WAS A WELCOME TO WARM ANYONE'S HEART...

MONTE  
HALE!

OH, MONTE, IT'S  
SO GOOD TO  
SEE YOU!

YOU SADDLE SORE  
OLO RANNIE! IT'S  
'BOUT TIME YOU  
RODE THIS WAY  
TO PAY US A  
VISIT!

FELLOW IN TOWN  
SAID JIM HOLT  
WAS ONE OF THE  
HOMESTEADERS WHO  
STAKED OUT HERE/  
SO I MOBEYED BY TO  
SEE IF IT WAS YOU!

YOU WOULD'VE KNOWN IT WUZ ME IF YOU STAYED STILL LONG ENUF TO GIT YORE MAIL! I WROTE YOU ALL 'BOUT IT!

YO'RE JUST IN TIME FER DINNER, MONTE! DRAW UP A CHAIR!



ONE OF THE DELIGHTS A WANDERING COWBOY MEETS MOST IS A GOOD HOME-COOKED MEAL....

UMM! THIS SURE IS GOOD! HOW'VE YOU AND JIM BEEN MAKING OUT HERE, PATRICIA?

NOT SO WELL, MONTE!



THAT'S A GROUP OF US HOMESTEADERS WHO HAVE STAKED OUT OUR FARMS ON THIS PARCEL OF LAND! THE CLAIMS WERE GIVEN US BY THE GOVERNMENT! IT'S GOVERNMENT LAND, TOO... BUT BULL DRISCOLL DOESN'T SEEM TO THINK SO!



BULL DRISCOLL RUNS THE LAZY Y RANCH! DRISCOLL USED TO LET HIS CATTLE GRAZE ON THE GOVERNMENT LAND! NOW HE INSISTS ON THE RIGHT TO KEEP DOING IT!

GRAZING CATTLE SURE CAN RAISE HOB WITH A FARMER'S CROPS!



WE'VE ASKED HIM TO STOP, BUT...

GIT YORE HOSS, JIM! TROUBLE'S BREWING!



BULL DRISCOLL'S TURNED HIS WHOLE HERD LOOSE ON OUR FARMS! THEY'RE TRAMPLING THE CROPS, AND HE'S DAREO US TO STOP HIM!

RECKON I'LL MOSEY ALONG WITH YOU! JUST IN CASE IT GETS TO BE A SHOOTING ARGUMENT!



HERE COME THE HOMESTEADERS NOW, ACE!

IF THEY'RE LOOKING FER TROUBLE, ACE RANDALL KNOWS HOW TO GIVE THEM A CHESTFUL!





A DESPERATE PINE BY MONTE SAVES JIM HOLT FROM ACE'S TREACHEROUS SHOT!

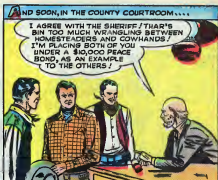






IT'S THE SHERIFF!

YO'RE BOTH UNDER ARREST FER DISTURBING THE PEACE / THAR'S BIN ENUF FIGHTING 'ROUND THESE PARTS / NOW THAR'S GONNA BE A STOP TO IT!



AND SOON, IN THE COUNTY COURTROOM....

I AGREE WITH THE SHERIFF / THAR'S BIN TOO MUCH WRANGLING BETWEEN HOMESTEADERS AND COWHANDS / I'M PLACING BOTH OF YOU UNDER A \$10,000 PEACE BOND, AS AN EXAMPLE TO THE OTHERS!

WHEN THE PEACE BOND IS POSTED...

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT, JIM! ALL THE HOMESTEADERS HAD TO MORTGAGE THEIR FARMS AND LANDS TO GET UP THE MONEY! FOR MY BOND!

YOU GOT INTO TROUBLE ON OUR ACCOUNT, MONTE! IT'S THE LEAST WE COULD DO!



BESIDES, I CAN'T EVER THANK YOU PROPERLY FER SAVING MY LIFE! ACE RANDALL TRIED TO RILE ME INTO GIVING HIM AN EXCUSE FER A KILLING!

HE MAY TRY AGAIN! BETTER BE CAREFUL, JIM!



BUT MONTE HALE WOULD BE WELL ADVISED TO TAKE HIS OWN WARNING, AT BULL DRISCOLL'S LAZY Y RANCH.....

THANKS FER POSTING BOND FER ME, BULL! I WON'T GIT INTO ANY MORE TROUBLE!

SURE YOU WILL! THAT'S JUST WHUT I AIM FER YOU TO DO, ACE!



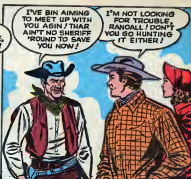
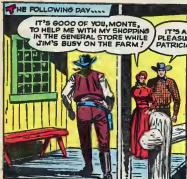
I CAN AFFORD TO LOSE THE MONEY! BUT THE HOMESTEADERS CAN'T! IF THAT PEACE BOND IS FORFEITED, THEY'LL BE WIPED OUT! AND I'LL TAKE OVER THEIR LAND!



THEN YOU WANT ME TO RILE THIS MONTE HALE FELLER INTO FIGHTING?

EXACTLY! FROM WHUT I HEAR 'BOUT HIM, THAT'S NOT GONNA BE HARD TO DO!





**H**ARSH WORDS, AND NO LIVING MAN EVER USED THEM TO MONTE HALE. BUT EVEN AS HIS HAND STARTS FOR HIS GUN HOLSTER...

**DOG-GONE!**  
HE'S MAKING A FOOL OUT OF ME! IF I MAKE A MOVE AGAINST HIM, THE PEACE BOND WILL BE FORFEITED!



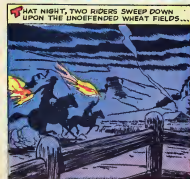
WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU? LOOKING FER A WAY TO CRAWL OUT FROM UNDER?

THERE'S A BLACK CROW A-PECHIN' ON THAT SIGN! CROWS ARE BAD LUCK WHERE I COME FROM!

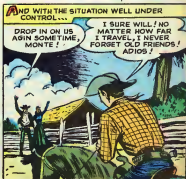


I'LL JUST TICKLE THAT OLD CROW'S TAILFEATHERS! CAN'T HAVE A BAD LUCK OMEN AROUND WHEN THERE'S A FIGHT SHAPING UP!









# CAPTIVE HERD

*A RED ROAN Adventure*

*By Dick Kraus*

**O**VER THE SUN-PARCHED prairie, Red Roan galloped—alone!

That very morning, he had been the leader of a herd of fifty wild horses. Fifty shaggy-coated mares and spindly-legged colts that had followed him unquestioningly and to whom he was king!

Then a band of hard-riding cowboys had surprised the herd in a sudden ambush. Lariats swishing through the air, they had rounded up all of the animals, driving them into an improvised corral. Only Red Roan had managed to escape, fleeing with great strides to the safety of the nearby hills. There he galloped by himself, long scarlet mane floating in the breeze.

When the first panic passed, Red Roan turned again toward the prairie. Slowly, he trotted down toward the plain, keen dark eyes searching for his herd.

At last he saw a cloud of dust, miles away on the range. It was the captive herd. Already the cowboys were driving them away, taking them from their wild, free existence, to a life of drudgery and pain.

Red Roan's hooves pounded, as he raced over the range toward the distant dust cloud.

Soon he was close enough to see his herd, moving close-packed along a broad trail. But, riding on all sides of the wild horses were sharp-eyed cowboys, their sinewy hands gripping lariats. If Red Roan were to come any closer, he would risk capture himself!

"It is better to wait . . . to follow at a distance . . ." the stallion's thoughts ran. "Perhaps there will come a chance . . ."

But all through the afternoon Red Roan followed the herd without an opportunity presenting itself . . . a chance for him to attempt to free the other wild horses. At one point the cowboys herded their captives across a broad, shallow stream. But so closely did they guard them that Red Roan was unable to do more than follow

at a distance.

Night came, and the cowboys built a camp. Throughout the dark, still hours, Red Roan cropped grass near their twinkling fires. He did not rest.

When dawn came and the herd started off again, the roan stallion took up the slow pursuit, half a mile behind. He had the impulse to dash in suddenly, attempting to stampede and scatter the herd. But the risk would be too great, reason told him. If he were captured, surely none of the others would escape.

As the sun rose higher and higher, the herd continued to trot along the plain. But now the air became strangely still. A great mass of dark clouds formed menacingly in the skies. All wind ceased, save for a vagrant breeze that turned up the undersides of the cottonwood leaves. Darker and darker it grew, as the anxious cowboys scanned the sky.

**"T**HAR'S a storm blowin' up!" one of them shouted. "An' it looks like a sidewinder! Better pull up the herd an' make camp!"

There was a distant, ominous rumble of thunder.

"Hurry!" the cowboy shouted again. "Git 'em all together, afore they git panicked an' try to run for it!"

Quickly, the cowboys rode among the wild horses, driving them together, trying to soothe them with their voices. But then the first drops began to fall—great, spattering drops that heralded a mighty storm. The rain began to come down in earnest, lashing the prairie grass, and beating heavily against the backs of the trembling mares and colts.

Unheeding, Red Roan came closer, watching the nervous herd. There was a chance . . .

"CCC-RR-AAA-CC-KKI!"

**W**ITH an ear-splitting concussion, a tremendous rumble of thunder shook the earth. Split seconds later, the heavens seemed to explode, as a glaring streak of lightning appeared. The colts whinnied in terror, and sought shelter against their mothers' sides. But again the thunder rumbled, and now the rain poured down, more heavily than ever.

It was all the cowboys could do to keep their own mounts under control. Between the lashing rain, and the sheer fury of the elements, all nature seemed to have gone berserk.

Seeing this, Red Roan determined to take his chance.

Raising his great head, ears pricked forward, he whinnied once, loud and clear. The sound pierced even the noise of the tempest. Every mare heard it and recognized it as the voice of her master. Again he whinnied louder, and then, galvanized into action, he galloped toward the herd.

In a moment, he was among them, hooves beating the ground, a brilliant gleam of color in the darkness of the storm. His shrill cry was a challenge, and an order! "Follow me to safety!"

Scarcely had he sped through the herd, than every wild horse had obeyed his imperious command. Swiftly they scattered, evading the cowboys who were riding herd on them. Then, seeing Red Roan racing away from them toward the hills, they followed him. While the bewildered cowboys tried desperately to quirt their terrified, panicky horses to the pursuit, Red Roan gathered his herd behind him.

The suddenness of his move caught the cowboys by surprise. It was a full three minutes before they could take up the chase in the terrible downpour.

In that three minutes, the crimson stallion had led his fleeing herd to the edge of the broad stream he had crossed but a short time before. Now it was a deeper, more turbulent river, its waters fed by the mighty rain. Red Roan hesitated for a moment. But he knew that the cowboys would be coming up swiftly behind the herd. There was no time to waste.

He whinnied once, and plunged into the water.

At his example, the herd followed him, slipping down the steep, clay-banked edges of the river, fighting their way against the current. The waves beat at them, catching them and twisting them about helplessly. But still they fought on, the urge to freedom great within their hearts. Now Red Roan was halfway across and the herd was close behind him!

At every moment, the waves were growing more powerful, and the waters deeper.

But there was no cowardice, no hanging back. When a colt disappeared under the surface, momentarily beaten by the force of the current, an older horse helped him, thrust him on. Legs flailing, nostrils fighting for breath, heads straining, the wild horses battled their way toward the opposite shore.

One by one, they reached it. Chests heaving with the mighty effort, they scrambled up the bank to where Red Roan was waiting for them. One by one they came, until all had crossed the river safely.

Without a moment's pause, the red stallion wheeled about and led his herd away from the river toward the mountains that were much closer now. But in heart Red Roan was worried. He knew that the cowboys had taken up the pursuit, that even now they must be galloping after the herd. Was escape possible?

**T**HE ANSWER lay in the fury of the gale, in the water that was cascading down from the skies. For when the first cowboy reached the river, the torrent had swelled to such an extent that it was completely impassible. It would have been suicide to attempt to cross it.

The cowboy rested in his saddle, hunching his shoulders against the furious rain. He peered through the slanting drops, saw the distant horses trotting up toward the hills. There was no one there to hear him, but he spoke away.

"Good luck, Red," he said. "This time, you earned the right to keep 'em. Good luck!"

THE END

*A RED ROAN adventure appears in every issue of WESTERN HERO!*

# GABBY HAYES

THIS CORNTRAPSHUN IS AS ORNERY AS A BUCKING BRONC! BUT I GOTTA KETCH THEM HOSS THIEVES!

**S**WIPE CHEVAL AND BLACKIE WERE TWO OF THE MOST VILLANOUS AND CUNNING HORSE THIEVES IN ALL THE WEST. CRAFTILY THEY ELUDED THE LAW. THEN THEY DECIDED TO STEAL GABBY HAYES' MARVELOUS MOUNT, 'CORKER'. THAT WAS THEIR MISTAKE! THEY SHOULD HAVE STOLEN GABBY'S RIGHT ARM. IT WOULDN'T HAVE MADE HIM AS ANGRY!!

**"Bucking WHEELS of GLORY!"**

**S**WIPE CHEVAL AND HIS AIDE, BLACKIE, CONSIDER A "BUSINESS PROPOSITION".

THAT'S THE HORSE WE WANT. IT'LL SELL FOR A GOOD PRICE.

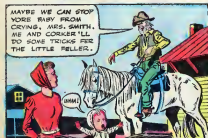
SO THAT'S GABBY HAYES?

HI, TINY! WHY DON'T YOU SELL THAT THING AND BUY A HOSS?

TINY TINKER BLACKSMITH

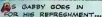
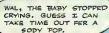








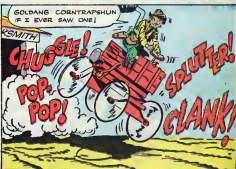
DIDN'T MEAN NO  
HARM, GABBY.  
COME ON, I'LL  
BUY YOU A GODY  
POP TO SHOW NO  
HARD FEELINGS.



COME ON! NOW'S  
OUR CHANCE!



GIDDAP,  
CORKER!







**M**OMENTARILY STUNNED BY THE BLOW, GABBY IS HELPLESS AS A BABE AS HE ROLLS DOWN THE HILLSIDE!



**M**EANWHILE, SWIPE CHEVAL AND BLACKIE RIDE ON.

WHUT'LL WE GIT FER THIS TRICK NAB, SWIPE?

PLENTY, BLACKIE! WE'LL SELL HIM TO A CIRCUS!



HEY, LOOK! CLOUD OF DUST! SOMEBODY'S AFTER US!

HUI! YO'RE LOCO, HOMBRE!



HO, HO! NERVES GITTING YOU, BLACKIE? IT'S JEST A BABY CARRIAGE!

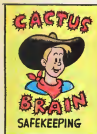
WE CAN TAKE IT EASY. NO USE WEARING OUT THIS TRICK HOSS. AND I AIN'T AFERED OF BABY CARRIAGES!



**BANG! BANG!**





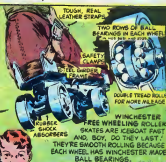


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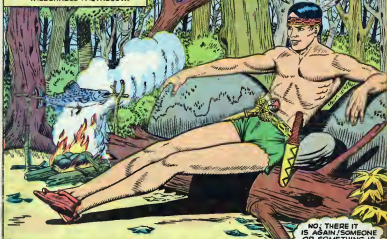
DEPT. FC 10, WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., DIV. OF OLV INDUSTRIES, INC., NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

# YOUNG FALCON

AND THE MYSTERY  
of LITTLE STAR

HAVING FINALLY WON HIS RIGHTFUL EMBLEM, THE TRIBAL TOTEM, FROM HIS ARCH-ENEMY, BLACKMOON AND HIS RENEGADE INDIANS, WHO MASSACRED HIS TRIBE, YOUNG FALCON CAMPS AND RESTS IN THE WILDERNESS FASTNESS...

AH--IT IS GOOD TO REST HERE IN THE STILL PEACE OF THE FOREST!



NO; THERE IT IS AGAIN! SOMEONE OR SOMETHING IS HIDING IN THE BUSHES! PERHAPS BLACKMOON HAS TAKEN UP MY SCENT AGAIN!

THAT WAS A TWIG CRACKING AS IT WAS STEPPED ON!

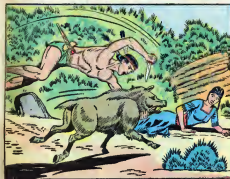
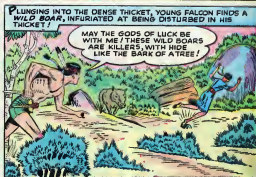
PERHAPS MY EARS DECEIVED ME! I HEAR NOTHING NOW.

CRACK!

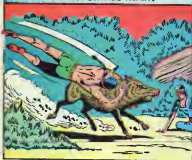
PERHAPS BLACKMOON HAS TAKEN UP MY SCENT AGAIN!







BUT, LIKE THE BIRD OF HIS NAME, YOUNG FALCON SWIFTLY STRIKES AGAIN!



AND SOON...

THERE--HE IS FINISHED!



AND NOW, PLEASE, LET ME HELP YOU. DO NOT RUN FROM ME. I WILL NOT HURT YOU.

YOU... YOU SAVED MY LIFE. YOU ARE MY FRIEND.



MY ANKLE... I TURNED IT WHEN I FELL.

THEN I WILL CARRY YOU TO MY CAMPFIRE. IT IS WARM THERE. YOU CAN REST BY THE FIRE.



AND SOON, BESIDE THE FIRE, YOUNG FALCON FINDS THE INDIAN MAID UNWILLING TO TALK FREELY....

--AND SO YOU WERE TRYING TO CREEP UP TO MY FIRE TO STEAL SOME OF MY FISH WHEN I HEARD YOU. BUT WHY? WHO ARE YOU? WHY ARE YOU ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS?

PLEASE--I CANNOT TELL YOU. DO NOT QUESTION ME. I WILL TELL YOU ONLY MY NAME. THEY CALL ME LITTLE STAR.



PLEASE DO NOT MAKE ME TELL THAT WHICH I DO NOT WANT TO. I--I AM VERY TIRED AND WEAK. I MUST SLEEP. THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING, YOUNG FALCON.

GO TO SLEEP THEN, LITTLE STAR. CLOSE YOUR EYES IN SAFETY. I WILL KEEP WATCH.



NIGHT DEEPENS OVER THE WOODS. YOUNG FALCON STANDS GUARD OVER SLEEPING LITTLE STAR, AND WONDER, WHO IS SHE? WHY IS SHE ALONE IN THE WILDS?

LOOK FOR THE ANSWERS IN A FUTURE ISSUE OF **WESTERN HERO** ON SALE EVERY MONTH-- ONLY **10¢**

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a sure  hit!

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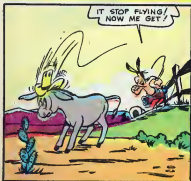
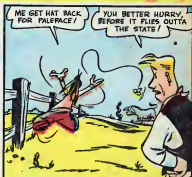
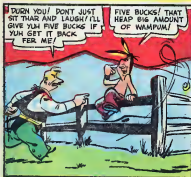
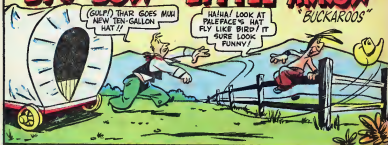
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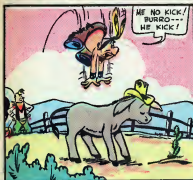
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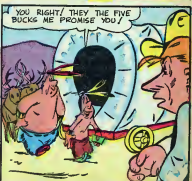
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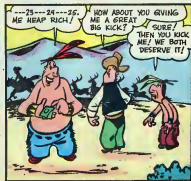
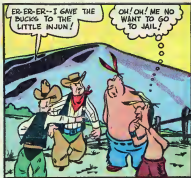
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# BIG BOW AND LITTLE ARROW "BUCKAROOS"





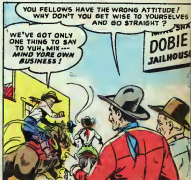
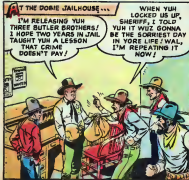
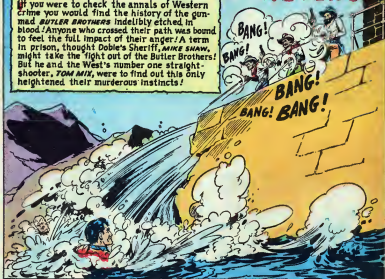




# TOM MIX

## and the INFAMOUS REVENGE

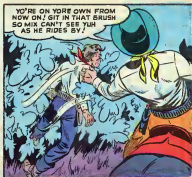
If you were to check the annals of Western crime you would find the history of the gun-mad **BUTLER BROTHERS** indelibly etched in blood! Anyone who crossed their path was bound to feel the full impact of their anger! A term in prison, thought Dobie's Sheriff, **MIKE SHAW**, might take the fight out of the Butler Brothers! But he and the West's number one straight-shooter, **TOM MIX**, were to find out this only heightened their murderous instincts!











I'LL GET YOU TO A DOCTOR LATER! RIGHT NOW I'LL SET YOUR LEG SO AS TO RELIEVE THE PAIN!

THANKS, MIK! I'LL TELL YUH EVERYTHING! IT'LL SERVE MUH BROTHERS RIGHT FER LEAVING ME HERE!



DICK AND FRED HAVE RIDDEN BACK TO THE SHERIFF'S HOUSE! THEY'RE GONNA KNOCK HIM OUT AND LOCK HIM UP IN THE HOUSE! THEN THEY INTEND TO CAPTURE THE GUARD IN THE DAM TOWER AND RELEASE ALL THE WATER SO IT'LL OVERFLOW AND FLOOD MIKE'S HOUSE!



DIE DIRT, TONY! IF WE DON'T GET BACK IN TIME, THOSE CRAZY BUTLER BROTHERS WILL DROWN MIKE!



MEANWHILE.....

THE SHERIFF PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT, BUT THE TWO OF US WERE TOO MUCH FER HIM, ESPECIALLY WHEN WE CAUGHT HIM OFF GUARD! BUT I STILL DON'T SEE WHY WE JUST DIDN'T SHOOT HIM!

SHUCKS, THAT WOULD'VE BIN TOO QUICK A DEATH FER HIM! THIS WAY HE'LL GIT A NICE LINGERING DEATH --- DROWNING!



AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER AT THE DAM TOWER.

NOW NO NOISE, FRED! WE WANT TO KETCH THE GUARD AFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO REACH FER HIS GUN!



CONK!

THAT DID IT! NOW LET'S THROW HIS BODY INTO THAT BARREL OVER THAR!



LET'S GIT UP TO THE CONTROL ROOM SO WE KIN RELEASE ALL THE WATER IN THE DAM!





FROM WHERE THEY ARE  
I MAKE A PERFECT TARGET!  
I'VE GOT TO GET OUTSIDE  
AND FIGURE OUT SOME  
OTHER WAY TO REACH  
THE WATER CONTROL  
TOWER!



THAT WINDOW ON THIS SIDE  
OF THE TOWER LEADS TO A  
ROOM ABOVE THE CONTROL  
ROOM! IF I CAN CLIMB UP  
THERE, I CAN CATCH THEM  
OFF GUARD! THEY'LL  
NEVER EXPECT AN  
ATTACK FROM  
ABOVE!



GOOD--  
I'M HALF  
WAY UP!



MADE  
IT!



**B**UT AS TOM STARTS TO CLIMB  
THROUGH--

(GULP!)  
I LOST  
MY GRIP!



**A**ND MIX CRASHES HEAD FIRST  
TO THE FLOOR, KNOCKING  
HIMSELF OUT!



**M**EANWHILE, MIKE SHAW HAS  
REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS--

MY HEAD MUST  
STILL BE SPINNING  
'ROUND! I KEEP  
IMAGINING THE  
HOUSE IS FLOATING  
ON WATER!



I'M NOT IMAGINING ANYTHING! THE DAM WATERS HAVE FLOODED THE VALLEY! THE WATER'LL BE POURING IN HERE ANY MOMENT! WITH THESE ROPES ON ME I'LL DROWN FER SHORE!



MEANWHILE, TOM ALSO HAS SNAPPED OUT OF HIS UNCONSCIOUS STATE....

MIKE SHAW SHOULD BE DROWNING LIKE A RAT BY NOW!



YEAH! AND OUR BULLETS MUST'VE FINISHED MIX OFF! NO SIGN OF HIM BEING 'ROUND!



YOU'RE HEARING FROM ME RIGHT NOW!

CRASH!



POW! BAM!



CLOUT! WHAM!

I'LL LET THE LAW TAKE CARE OF YOU LATER!

CLOSED OPEN



RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO CLOSE THE DAM GATE AND SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT SAVING MIKE ---

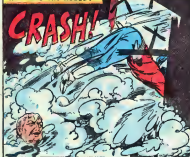
CLOSED OPEN



--IF IT ISN'T TOO LATE!



...PERFORMS A PERFECT BACK FLIP THAT CARRIES HIM INTO THE HOUSE!



**TOM MIX IS ON THE AIR!**

BROADCAST FROM COAST TO COAST OVER THE MUTUAL NETWORK. MONDAY THRU FRIDAY AT 5:45 P. M.



# BOYS! GIRLS!

MAGNETIZED NEEDLE  
ALWAYS POINTS  
NORTH!



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And boy, what a ring! Made with a lens-type transparent plastic dome—genuine nickel plated so it stays bright and shiny. Fits any finger, too. A sturdy good-looking well-made ring you'll be proud to wear! So hurry! Get your own GENUINE MAGNETIC NAVIGATOR'S COMPASS RING!

KEY NIP! THERE'S A LIGHT  
FLASHING OUT THERE!  
LOOKS LIKE AN S.O.S.!



SEE? THOSE SHOT...  
THREE LONG, THREE SHORT;  
AND MY COMPASS RING  
SAYS ITS EAST-NORTHEAST!



...AND THE LIGHT-  
HOUSE BEARS  
SOUTHWEST!  
COME ON! WE'VE  
GOT TO PHONE THE  
COAST GUARD!



MEANWHILE  
OUT AT SEA...

LATER... IN A HEAVY  
FARMHOUSE!

THAT'S RIGHT, COMMANDER.  
THE S.O.S. CAME FROM  
EAST-NORTHEAST, AND  
THE LIGHTHOUSE WAS  
SOUTHWEST OF US!



HERE SHE COMES! THE  
COAST GUARD HELICOPTER!



BOY! WATCH HER HEAD  
EAST-NORTHEAST AS SOON  
AS SHE GETS OVERHEAD!

...SO WE PICKED UP ALL  
FOUR SURVIVORS...  
THANKS TO YOUR  
SPLENDID DIRECTIONS



AND THANKS TO OUR  
NAVIGATOR'S  
COMPASS  
RINGS!

**GREAT FOR HIKES!** Especially in  
the woods, when snow covers  
your tracks. Always wear it!

**FISHING WITH DAD!** You be naviga-  
tor... tell others how to get  
back if a dog comes up!

**WHEN A PLANE GOES BY...** figure out its  
course, tell what city it's headed for.

**WONDERFUL FUN!**—all year 'round!



**HERE'S ALL YOU DO**—Just send front of Smith  
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to you—right away. So hurry. Write to Smith Brothers,  
P.O. Box #368, Providence, Rhode Island.

**MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!**

SMITH BROTHERS, P.O. Box 368, Providence, R. I.  
Enclosed find front of Smith Brothers Cough Drop  
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**Put Your Coins in  
 Slot and Press-in!**

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